THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.] "HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING." [TERMS $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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POETRY.

The Popular Creed

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man's down, give him a thrust—
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man's up, oh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth;
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a wooer cometh whose charms are these—
A hollow heart and an empty head;
A face well tinged with the brandy's red,
A soul well trained in villainy's school,
And cash, sweet cash—he knoweth the rule;
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian plan;
But poor he is, and poor will be;
A scorned and hated thing is he;
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life;
They struggle against a fearful odds,
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!
No question's asked of the rich I trow!
Steal by night, and steal by day,
(Doing it all in a legal way,)
Join the church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule:
Dimes and Dollars! Dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

The Welcome Day.

And I said who will give me wings like a dove, and I will fly away and be at rest.
[PSALMS.

The psalmist sadly swept the strings,
And sighed his spirits anxious prayer,
To have the wild doves quiv'ring wings,
And breathe a calmer, purer air—
When boyhood's dreams of glory's fled;
And all our hopes have passed away,
And friendship's joys are with the dead,
Who will not hail the welcome day!

When time has chilled affection's glow,
And damp'd the noble fire of youth,
Each pulse is beating sad and slow,
And doubts encompass ev'ry truth,
Who would not from his inmost soul,
The psalmists prayer breath o'er again,
And cleave the clouds that round us roll,
Amid the grief and cares of men!

When by a friend's sad corpse we stand,
And think the soul that warmed this clay,
Has sought the pilgrim's promised land,
The mansions of eternal day!
Who would not wish to break the tie,
That binds th' unwilling soul to earth,
And mount rejoicing to the sky,
Exatic in another birth!

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Mr. Pipkin Blowed Himself.

Bill Pipkin hadn't been married very long, and hadn't got quite ou' of the habit of taking little punch-drinking frelics with his old friens on particular occasions. He was fustrate at makin' excuses for stayin' out at nights; now and then he was terribly pressed with business, and as he took monstrous good care to never come cross legged, his wife never 'spected nothing', and all went on fustrate. One night Bill got rather more'n he could carry straight, but he didn't find it out till he was on his way home. He wouldn't have Susan know he was in such a sitevation for all the world, and he began to think, as well as he could, with his head spinnin' round so, of other was, best to be done to keep her from findin' him out.

"Hic-I-I've got it 'zackly," sez he—"hic-Susan. Susan knows I'm terrible f-fond of mem-milk. Well, I'll just take a big hic-swig of mem-milk, and hic-that'll fix it all right—an hic-sh-she'll never suspect nothin' poor gal.'

Heme he went practis'n' straight walkin' all the way and studyin' over in his mind how he would talk straight' so Susan wouldn't find him out.

When he found the latch, which was on the wrong side of the door, that opened the wrong way too, he felt around in the dark for more doors than was in the house before, and got into ever so many curious shaped rooms, till he found the pantry, whar he 'spected to find some milk. He didn't have no clear idea as to whar it ought to be; so after feelin' about in every place but the right one, he cum to the conclusion to go up to his room an' ax his wife whar it was. The stairs seemed to be turned upside down, and the bed room was changed places with the cellar-kitchen, but he made out at last to find the door.

After clearing his throat, and sayin' over his speech, so he wouldn't make no mistake he opened the door and tuck a lean agin the door post and listened to hear if his wife was awake. She was sound asleep.

"All the better for that,' thought he to himself.

"Susan!—Susan!"—sez he, very low and plain.

"Eh!' sez Susan, just wakin' out of a doze, 'Is that you come home my dear, so late—I—'

"Susan, Susan!" sez Bill, not payin' no attention to what she said, his head bein' full of milk; 'Susan!'

'What my dear!'

'Is there any milk in the house!'

'Yes, my dear—but what in the world—'

'Susan, Susan!'

'What, dear!'

'Whar is the milk!'

'In the pantry, in the dinin' room, dear.—But you had better come to bed, now; it is so—'

Bill didn't say a word, but tuck some terrible long steps in the dark. He found the dinin' room again and pantry, but he couldn't find no milk no whar. After tryin' about five minits he goes up stairs again, and leanin' again the door to study himself like, ax'd his wife agin—

'Susan, Susan!' sez he very perticklar.

'Eh! what!' sez she wakin' up agin.

'Is there any milk in the house!'

'I told you there was some milk in the pantry, dear—'

Down went Bill agin. This time he felt everywhar, and upset lots of things, makin' a terrible racket among the crockary, but drot the drop of milk could he find.

'Cuss the milk,' sez he; 'whar could they put it!'

In a minit more he was at the bed room door again.

Susan snuffed the snore short off in the middle.

'What!' sez she, sort of cross this time. 'Is thar any milk in the house!'

'Yes, I told you!'

'Well, whar is it!' sez he.

'I told you on the shelf, in the pantry—in the dining room!' sez Susan, breaking' it off into short mouthfalls of pretty loud Italic.

That sort o' skeered Bill, and put him off his guard.

'Well, Susan,' sez he, *is it tied up in anything, or is it lyin' about loose!*'

That was enough; the cat was out of the bag, and no help for it. Mrs. Pipkin was bright awake in a minit, and the way Bill got a Candle that night, was enough to sober the drunkest husband in creation. He never got corned agin—and it was more'n a year after, before he could drink milk in his coffy, when his wife was at the table.

Leisure Moments.

James and William Grey were cousins and were apprentices in a machine-shop where various kinds of Machinery were made. James looked upon his employment as a necessary evil. To him it was mere manual labor—a given number of blows, a requisite degree of heat, a certain expenditure of strength—in a word, it was toil in its most literal sense.

William, on the contrary, viewed it with the eye of an artist. There was not merely the rough iron to be moulded into some uncared for machine, but, as he told James, a plastic material, assuming beauty by the will of man. He studied, therefore, not only the mechanical part of his trade, but his inventive genius was excited. Curiosity led him to examine the uses and peculiar adaption of the machinery he made, till at length his active mind suggested various improvements.

All his leasure time was employed in the instruction of models, and his room might have been taken for a miniature patent-office. The last year of his apprenticeship was nearly at its close, and William had not only improved, but invented several really useful designs.

Looking over a paper one day, he read an offer of a prize of $1000 for the best model for peculiar kind of machinery to be used in a cotton factory.

"Why should not I try!" said he.

He understood what was wanted, and day after day did he study intensely on the subject. At length he grasped the idea, and it was upon this he was at work when James urged him to join the sailing party.

Late at night his cousin returned, weary with pleasure, and found him sitting at the table a sealed package before him, his cheeks flushed, an unusual brightness in his eye, and a peculiar expression on his countenance.

About a week after this a gentleman knocked at the door. It was opened by James who was alone.

"I wish to see Mr. Grey," said the stranger, glancing with a smile at the peculiar decoration of the room.

"My name is Grey," returned James, placing a chair for the guest.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your success, Mr Grey," said the gentleman, pointing to a counterpart of the model which stood upon the table.

"My success! I do not understand you sir," said James.

"Are you not Mr. Grey the inventor of this delicate and important machinery!"

"I am Mr. Grey, but not the inventor of anything," returned James bitterly. "Here is the fortunate person, my cousin, William Grey," he continued, as William entered.

"I rejoice in your success, young man," said the stranger to William. "Your plan has met the entire approbation of the committee, of which I am one. My name is Wilson, and I am authorized to pay you the thousand dollars and also to advance you another thousand dollars on condition that superintend the erection of the works to be established."

William was astonished, overwhelmed, and after expressing his thanks, added, 'I am yet an apprentice, and my time will expire within some three months. After that I will accept your offer, if you will wait till then.'

"An apprentice!" said Mr. Wilson. "How then, let me ask you have you obtained such a knowledge of mechanics!"

"By saying my leisure moments joined to a love of my business, as involving some the best interests of man."

Six months from that time saw William in a responsible office, with a high salary, while James was a journeyman laborer with twenty-five dollars a month.

[Congregationalist.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

The New York Sunday Age relates the origin of this famous ballad, written, it seems, by Samuel B. Woodworth when a journeyman printer, in an office situated at the corner of Chatham and Chambers street, New York. Near by, in Franklort street, was a drinking shop, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and smacking lips, declared that Mallory's cau de vie was superior to anything he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which in both our estimations far surpassed this in the way of drinking."

"What was that," asked Woodworth, dubiously.

"The draughts of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer."

The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye.

"True, true," he replied, and shortly after quitted the place.

He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

SHOCKING CONDITION OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Thursday, Jan. 4, 1855.

The only favorable change which has occurred respecting the Eastern War, since my last, is the conclusion of a treaty between England, France and Austria, on the subject of Russia. With this treaty, you will, of course, have become fully acquainted long ere this letter reaches us. In connection with it, you will also have read the declaration made by the Prince Gorchakoff, on the 28th November, to the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Buol, that his master, the Czar, had decided to accept the four propositions made by the Court of Vienna, to serve as the commencement of a negotiation for peace. These four points are given as "preliminaries indispensable to the re-establishing of a peace."

No sooner had news of the acceptance of the four points reached this place than it was bruited that a peace would positively ensue. It is also said that a dispatch was sent to Lord Raglan stating that an armistice might be expected soon, and I have heard it said that the news was quite a balm and cordial to the poor suffering British soldiers in the ditches before Sevastopol. Of these sufferings no one at a distance can form any correct view. When I tell you that after the battle of Inkermann there were but 12,000 fighting men left out of some 30,000; that, although 10,000 men have been added since then, the number of fighting men still continues the same; that the British hospital at Scutari at this moment contains six thousand invalids, and that some two thousand men are at Balaklava waiting to come down here to die, you may form some estimate of the state of things. Friends of mine, both English and American, who have recently visited Sevastopol, tell me that the miserable condition of the British camp forms a striking contrast with that of the French. Lord Raglan is despised, by his own officers as well as men, to a degree that almost amounts to insubordination. He is an old and feeble man; his own dwelling in the camp is a comfortable house, abundantly supplied with furniture, and appearing to be the museum for all the knick-knacks stolen from the Russian country-seats which once stood on the locality of the camp, but which have been burned by the freezing men for fuel. He is never known to visit the troops, nor to look at the trenches; he never orders, or superintends a review of them, nor is he ever known to give any order showing an interest in their destitute condition and immense sufferings. When the news of his elevation to the grade of Field Marshal came out from England, it elicited a universal groan among all of the British troops, and even from the officers, at the reckless and unjust manner in which the Queen's Government had thrown it away upon an incompetent, unworthy object. This, however, is an act of unjust policy, done with the view of securing for England, in future history, all the credit of the landing in the Crimea, the battles of Alma, Balaklava and Inkermann, and the ..... of Sebastopol. The French have long since said that the English were an incumbrance to them, and that it pained them thus to behold wretched and suffering humanity without possessing the power to rescue it. They freely say that the English are brave men, but no soldiers; that they are totally destitute of any knowledge of the administration of an army; and, indeed, they now look upon them as no longer the nation which they were in the time of Napoleon I.

The position of the British forces is the more exposed of the two, while their numbers are too few for the task assigned to them. There are not enough men to afford a proper relief to those in the trenches. The soil of the Crimea is a mixture of clay and lime; there is, however, abundance of stone in layers, but the soil is soft, and when wet, becomes extremely miry. This is peculiarly the case in the trenches, where the ground is heavy, and the water always from one to three feet deep. Notwithstanding this, they *must* be occupied to save their own lives and that of their octogenarian and semi-imbecile Field Marshal. Imagine a thousand men standing a long night in winter—perhaps under a continuous fall of rain in these ditches, denied the right to sleep, and required to be ready at a moment's notic to rise, rush forward and repel the attack of their never-tiring, never sleeping foes. How arduous must be this service, will be seen from the fact, that, in the face of certain death, these men often fall asleep and are bayoneted by the sorties, of which you now and then read garbled accounts in the papers.

Balaklava is some six or seven miles from the British camp; the ascent is a first steep, but afterward the road is rather level, offering no other obstacle than the want of a good road-bed. The British commander has foreseen nothing, and consequently prepared nothing, for winter. Rains have thoroughly soaked the road, and rendered it perfectly impracticable for man or beast. The Commissariat is managed in a manner quite incomprehensible, and all of the English people here declare that several of its chiefs should be hung for their utter indifference and negligence. Imagine the fact that the men in the trenches have no other food than dry biscuit, raw pork, and unburned coffee, and that hundreds of them are now in the Scutari hospital-barracks here, with feet mortified from long and continued exposure to the wet of the trenches. After weeks of wet, with no change, and without the means of drying their shoes on boots, the men give up in utter despair, from inability any longer to stand on their feet, and lie down to die, while their comrades, in pulling off their soaked boots, pull off their toes in them! Incredible as it may appear, I have heard that the large steamer Jason contains a great number of boxes full of shoes and boots for these same men—that they have been on board for some five months, and that at each visit to Balaklava, the Captain and Purser begged the English Commissaries to take them, and give them to the suffering men—but they will not, because it requires an order from some superior authority. This, I am assured, is the case with many other objects of general utility to the poor, suffering English soldiers, than whom braver men never shouldered a musket. The French must, and do, feel perfect contempt for the British army. The superior French officers say that Louis Phillippe was right when he made Algiers a school for their armory; that there they have learned and practiced what now renders them so far superior to the English.

The French, in pity for their suffering comrades of "perfidious Albion," are engaged in making a road for them from their camp toward Balaklava, and passing their provisions from the Chersonesus past to the British depots. There are materials for building a railroad from Balaklava to the British camp, *en route* from England, but these cannot be used until the wet has been succeeded by ice and cold weather. If then heavy snows set in, God protect the English army! It will be frozen for want of cover and fuel, and be daily and nightly attacked by the Cossacks.

The Turks here ask, with consternation in their countenances, how all this is to end. They seem to think already that their own days are "numbered," and that neither French, English nor Russians will ever leave this country again.

Patent Life Preservers; or

A NEW WAY TO EVADE THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

"Life Preservers can be had, IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, upon application to the bar-keeper."

The above notice, posted conspicuously in various parts of one of the steamboats plying the waters of the Penobscot river, attracted our attention, and being anxious to be fully posted in reference to these important arrangements, we sought the bar-keeper, and the following conversation ensued.

'The Maine Law prohibits the sale or possession of liquor, on your Eastern boats, I believe.

Bar-keeper.—'Well, yes, sir, we do not keep an open bar, but any of our friends can test the Life Preserver, if disposed.'

'No doubt they are a very useful invention,' we replied, hithout fully understanding his remarks.

Bar-keeper.—'Been on this boat before, I suppose!'

'Yes, sir, quite often: but never had occasion to use the Preservers.'

Bar-keeper.—'Teetotaler, perhaps.'

'Oh! no, sir, not exactly, we indulge MODERATELY when travelling.'

Bar-keeper, (goes behind the bar, lays a life preserver on the counter.) 'Perhaps you would like to examine them, sir.'

We took the Preserver up, but to our surprise found it quite heavy. After examining it externally, we placed our lips to the tube in order to inflate it, but judge of our great astonishment to find it already inflated with a liquid, not fully authorized by the laws of Maine. We smiled at the ingenious artifice of the bar keeper, and readily understood the meaning of the paragraph which heads this sketch. We indulged in a mutual SMILE with the bar-keeper, and remarked that Life Preserves were indeed useful on board of steamboats, and the bar-keeper was no doubt the proper person to take charge of such important articles. We often visit Maine, and often go on board of Eastern steamboats, but we do not often forget the "Patent Life Preservers."

I WILL.

There are no two words in the English language which stand out in bold relief—like kings upon a chequer board—to so great an extend (says a popular writer, as the words 'I will.' There is strength, depth and solidity—decision, confidence, and power—determination, vigor and individuality in the round ringing tone which characterizes its delivery! It talks to you of triumph over difficulties—of victory in the face of discouragement—of will to promise, and strength to perform—of lofty and daring enterprise—of unfettered aspirations, and of the thousand and one impulses by which man masters impediments in the way of progression.

Practical Words for All.

Religion is quite an exercise of convenience. Unlike the usual organization in which gatherings are a prominent feature, it has no hold upon the acts of the member, except as indicated by a slight proportion of duty and a vast amount of convenience.—Now, it matters not how momentous the importance of the subject, or how terrible the tremblings on the verge of the "fiery lake," they all fade into transparent shadows and cornucate feebly in the imagination, when by selfish and pleasing influences connected with life below. The saint as well as the sinner will never fail to reach the rendezvous, where business is to be transacted, or pleasures to be enjoyed; but how naturally and practically true is the fact that a rain moderate, a distance reasonable, a night discernable, time leasurable, or a mud superficial, will command profound attention, and elicit the most favorable idea of that doubtful question,

——"how far may mortal man depart,
How long—and peril not the heart"

A Sabbath day dawns upon the just and the wicked, the church bell chime the sacred hour for prayer, the holy man is standing at the consecrated altar, waiting the presence of his flock, the enquirer and the careless; a brighter sun than which earth never witnessed illumines the day, nature is gay, and the air mild and inviting. How his heart gladdens as the throng presses the portals and fills seat and aisle of the consecrated chapel, and what encouragement beams into his soul to preach salvation and arouse the listless apathy of the unthinking hearer. 'Tis well. Another day "set apart," is ushered in the unceasing passage of time. In keeping with Deity and his ruling purposes a solemn cloud shadows the face of the sun a chilly atmosphere moans around the old chapel and thro' the willows of the neighboring burial place. A sleety rain or a searching blast may revel for a time, but the anointed is at his devotion inside the altar, the old couple are wending hither their way, the new convert and the prayerful mother, side by side enter the sanctuary.

In one seat rests a single form—there, two—a few hesitate at the outer threshold—echoing foot falls anon harshly break through the empty box and silent archway. A half hour passes slowly by—the man of God raises his form and commences the services but O, what sad tones are uttered—how his soul mortifies in anguish and with what sorrow is the truth forced upon him, that Religion is an exercise of convenience more than of love and duty in its visible workings. He knows that the chapel is silent and deserted before him, and he also remembers that on yesterday, when the storm raged in unceasing fury, thrice the number of his humble congregation were present at the feast of some wealthy one whose borders were beyond even the the pales of his parish. But the sober question of storm was not then entertained—his people did not care to consider. Man passes all by but the uttering pen of the inscribing angel passes nothing by; the last noticed, the slightest neglect of duty, will be recorded the unpardoned sin and become the final adjutator of reward and punishment.

A DUMBFOUNDED PIG.—The *Knickerbocker* tells the following good yarn in its editor's table.

One of our western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into the corn field, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but of course without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; & posting himself at night in a fence corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerge at the other end within the enclosure. 'Eureka!' cried he, 'I have you now old lady!' Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out once more to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again.

'Her astonishment,' says our informent, 'at finding herself in the same field whence she had started is too ludicrous to be described! She looked this way and then that, grunting her dissatisfaction, and finally returning to her original starting place; and after deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run, nor could either coaxing or driving even after induced her to visit that part of the field! She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot.

☞ "The Basket containing the fruits of Douglas' Nebraska bill," according to the Rochester Union (Democratic,) "is big, and nearly full." It says:

"By turning up its contents, you will find a Whig U. S. Senator from Iowa; another from Wisconsin, another from Massachusetts; another from Connecticut; probably another from New-York; another from Illinois: and perhaps a couple from New Hampshire—besides Whig governors, Legislatures, members of Congress, and high state officials without number. And if you look right sharply, you will find in one corner of the basket a queer set of resolutions from the Michigan Legislature, instructing General Cass and his senatorial colleague to agitate for the repeal of the Fugitive slave law and the Nebraska bill, the last application of the principles of squatter sovereignty that we have seen! Of course, General Cass will not repudiate this practical exemplification of his favorite doctrine! A singular mess does this basket contain."

Who is Mrs. Nightingale!

Many ask this question, and it has no yet been adequately answered. We reply, then Mrs Nightingale is Miss Nightingale, or rather Miss Florence Nightingale, the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father, William Shore Nightingale, of Embleybark, Hampshire, and the Lea Hurst Derbyshire. She is, moreover, a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. In a knowledge of the ancient languages and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general art, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary.—There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract.—Young (about the age of our Queen) graceful, feminine, rich and popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact.—Her friends and acquaintance are of all classes and persuasions, but her happiest place is at home, in the centre of a very large band of accomplished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents.

Why then should a being so highly blessed with all that should render life bright, innocent, and, to a considerable extent useful, forego such palpable and heart-felt attractions! Why quit all this to become a nurse!

From her infancy she has had a yearning affection for the kind—sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst and Embley first saw and felt her as a visiter, teacher, consoler, expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh, and the continent. Three years ago, when all Europe had a holiday on and after the Great Exhibition, when the highlands of Scotland, the lakes of Switzerland, and all the bright spots of the continent were filled with parties of pleasure, Miss Nightingale was within the walls of one of the German houses or hospitals for the care and reformation of the lost and infirm.

For three long months she was in daily and nightly attendance, accumulating experience in all the duties and labors of female ministration. She then returned to be once more the delight of her own happy home. But the strong tendency of her mind to look beyond its own circle for the relief of those who mentally have but too frequently none to help them, prevailed; and, therefore, when the hospital establishment in London for sick governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, she stepped forward and consented to be placed at his head. Derbyshire and Hampshire were exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Harley street to which she devoted all her time and fortune.

While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she, whose power could have best appreciated these, was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaints of some poor, dying, homeless, querulous governess. The homelessness might, not improbably, indeed result from that very querulousness; but this is too frequently tormented, it not created by the hard, unreflecting folly which regards fellow creatures intrusted with forming the minds and disposition of its children ingenious, disagreeable nothings, needing, like, the steam engine, sustenance and covering but, like it, quite beyond or beneath all sympathy, passions, or affections. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise, and found pleasure in feeding those poor, destitute governesses in their infirmities, their sorrows, their death or their recoveries. She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution, and the few friends whom she admitted, found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts and interruptions. Her health sunk under the heavy pressure, but a little Hampshire fresh air restored her, and the failing instituiton was saved.

Meanwhile, a cry of distress and for additional comforts beyond those of mere hospital treatment came home from the East for our wounded brethren in arms. There instantly arose an enthusiastic desire to answer it. But inexperienced zeal could perform little, and a bevy of ill-organized nurses might do more harm than good. There was a fear that a noble impulse should fail for the want of a head, a hand, and a heart to direct it. It was then that a field was opened for the wider exercise of Miss Nightingale's sympathies, experience, and powers of command and control. But at what cost! At the risk of her own life, at the pang of separation from her friends and family, and at the certainty of encountering hardship, dangers, and the constantly renewing scene of human suffering amid all the worst horrors of war.

There are few who would not recoil from such realities, but Miss Nightingale shrank not, and at once accepted the request that was made to her to form and control the entire nursing establishments for our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Levent. While we write, this delicate, sensitive, and highly endowed young lady is already at her post, rendering the holiest of woman's charities to the sick, and dying, and the convalescent. There is heroism in dashing up the heights of Alma in defiance of death and all mortal opposition, and let all praise of honor be as they are bestowed upon it but there is a quiet, forcasting heroism and largeness of heart in this lady's resolute accumulation of the powers of consolation, and her devoted application of them, which rank as high, and are at last as pure. A sage few will no doubt condemn, sneer at, or pity an enthusiasm which to them seems eccentric, or at best misplaced; but to the true heart of the country it will speak home, and be there felt, that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who at this moment stands on as high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale.—*London Examiner.*

ITEMS OF

☞ The House of Representatives of Michigan, by a vote of 51 to 18, have passed a bill prohibiting the use of the jails and other public buildings of the State for the confinement of persons claimed as fugitive slaves.

☞ Every Republican but one, in the Illinois Legislature, voted for Judge Trumbull.—His election is a bitter pill to Douglas. It is said he preferred the election of any other man, and a knowledge of this fact perhaps had something to do with the result.

☞ Douglas was specially bitter in his opposition to Miller, who was nominated Secretary of Legation to Peru. His action induced the President to withdraw his name and substitute that of Mr. Cox. Miller had been opposed to Douglas' Nebraska bill, and this was enough to damn him. The President, by yielding for this reason, will be remembered by the anti-Nebraska Democrats of the Nation.

☞ Vermont, Florida, New Hampshire and Delaware have no State debt.

☞ A despatch from New Orleans on the 9th says, a portion of an expedition against Cuba is understood to have left this and other Southern ports, and some more are soon to follow. The total enlistment in this enterprise is said to amount to 30,000 men.

JULIA DEAN.—Dr. Hayne, who was married on the 21st ult., in Galveston, to Miss Julia Dean, is the youngest son of Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, who distinguished himself by his intellectual tilt with Daniel Webster, in the Senate house. It is said that the newly-made Mrs. Hayne intends fulfilling all her theatrical engagements, which extend into the summer of the present year. She is to take the part of Norma, in the new play of Epes Sargent, which will be performed at the Boston theatre, probably in March.

☞ In the Missouri Legislature, Col. DONIPHAN presented a memorial praying that the publication of Abolition sentiments be made a penitentiary offence. The late deceased and lamented Lieut. DAVENPORT, has evidently many relatives yet living out West. These men would imprison Jefferson, and Washington, if they were on earth, and would repeat what they have left on record as their opinion of slavery. Talk of fanaticism! The most absurd, and most fanatical meeting we ever attended, was a pro-slavery meeting at Independence, in this same State of Missouri. Abolitionists sometimes say and do very foolish things, but a pro-slavery fanatic can beat them at their own game. What other evidence of this is wanting than the above proposition!

N. YORK LEGISLATURE.—An amusing scene took place in the Assembly the morning after the election of U. S. Senator. No less than fifteen gentlemen felt called upon to raise a question of privilege, for the purpose of explaining why they had voted for Mr. Seward. "SAM" was sadly mixed up with these explanations.

Of the effect produced at Washington by the reelection of Mr. S. we have the following sketch by the correspondent of the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer:

"The news of Senator Seward's reelection created a sensation of enthusiastic pleasure among his friends, of whom no man in this capital possesses a wider circle. This is one of the more immediate fruits of the repudiation of the Missouri compromise, and brings more terror to the souls of the demagogues who devised and carried through that outrage, than any one event which it has produced. It is a very deep mark upon that movement, of public scorn, which they have been careful to rear to their memories while living."

WHO IS JUDGE TRUMBULL!—Since the election of this gentleman to the United States Senate, by the anti-Nebraska members of the Legislature of Illinois, there has been a general inquiry concerning his antecedents. We learn that he is 47 years of age, and either now is, or has been a member of the Supreme Court of that State. He is an anti-Slavery man, and met Judge Douglas on the stump, last fall. The Chicago Tribune, the leading Republican paper of Illinois, gives the following sketch of the Senator elect:

As a man and a statesman, no one whom we could have elected would have done us more honor than Judge Trumbull. He is a perfect gentleman, a finished scholar, an able jurist, and a profound statesman. He is a man of more real talent and power than Abram Lincoln. He has been for many in public life in our State, and has won the esteem and confidence of our people by his faithfulness, ability and watchfulness for the interest of the State. We shall be proud to have him take his seat beside our little Douglas and in the place of Gen. Shields, compared with both of whom he is a most refreshing contrast. Illinois has done well!—She has responded to the call made upon her by her sister States. Trumbull will be no unsuitable companion for Harlan, Durkee, Wilson and Seward, lately chosen by the sovereign States of Iowa, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and New-York, to represent them in the Senate. Verily, the oligarchy which has th rule over us so long may begin to see the begining of its end. It is waxeth rapidly toward its extinction, and the dawn of a brighter day, already reddens the cold grey horizon.

☞ A French writer says, that if any one knew one half that was said and thought about him, he would be ashamed to walk the streets in the open air. Flatter ourselves as we may, the best of us do not escape being pecked at, no doubt, even by many of those whom we call our friends. Our own, like other people's friends, are apt to be [illegible] to some of the Hindoo idols—[illegible] placed.